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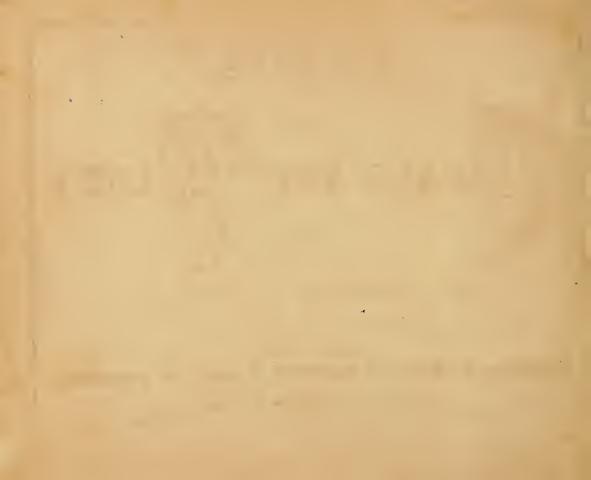
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SONGS

OF

JUN 15 1934



RACE AND



LORY

W. F. SHERWIN AND S. J. VAIL.

NEW YORK:

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PREFACE.

FEW WORDS.

THE editors of "Songs of Grace and Glory" believe that the service of song in the Sunday School should be regarded as something more than mere "entertainment."

They are happy in finding the current of intelligent public sentiment setting strongly in favor of devotional

hymns in the Sunday School, as fostering the spirit of true worship.

They trust the day is not far distant when the term "sacred music" will be understood to include the chil-

dren's offering of praise as well as the more stately service of the Sanctuary.

They recognize the gratifying fact that the adult element is largely and constantly increasing in our schools, and therefore feel that a majority of hymns should be such as may be profitably used by this class, while none should be above the comprehension of children.

How far they have succeeded in meeting the demand growing out of these conditions, a discriminating pub-

lic must judge.

Aware of the great diversity of tastes, painfully conscions of the imperfection of all human work, and claiming only the privilege of standing, so far as real merit may warrant, side by side with other laborers in the Master's vineyard, they hope it may prove that they have contributed somewhat to the lifting of souls heavenward on

the wings of sacred song.

They are confident, as the result of a wide practical experience, that the deepest interest is secured, even on the part of the children, when the hymns and music of the Prayer Meeting and the Sunday School are so pleasantly and judiciously interwoven that both shall be a preparation for bearing a more intelligent part in the praises of the Sanctuary, thus making all the musical services of God's house to be offered "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

To this end they venture to suggest that the collection adopted in the school be occasionally used in the weekly evening meeting, and that the standard hymns, such as "Rock of Ages," "There is a Fountain," and others almost as sacred as Holy Writ, be frequently introduced in the Sunday School, so that every heart may be

taught to pour forth in gratitude real "songs of grace and glory."

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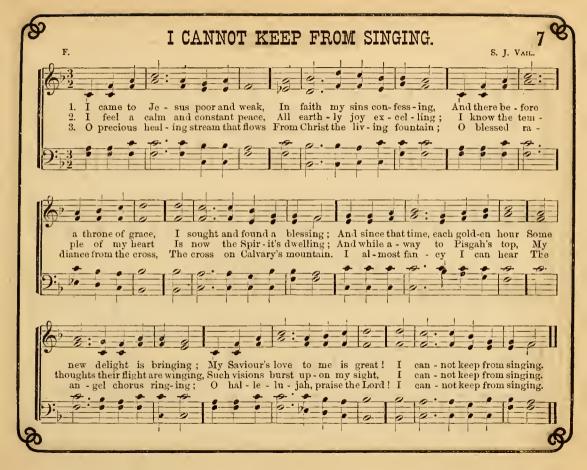
Songs of Grace and Glory.



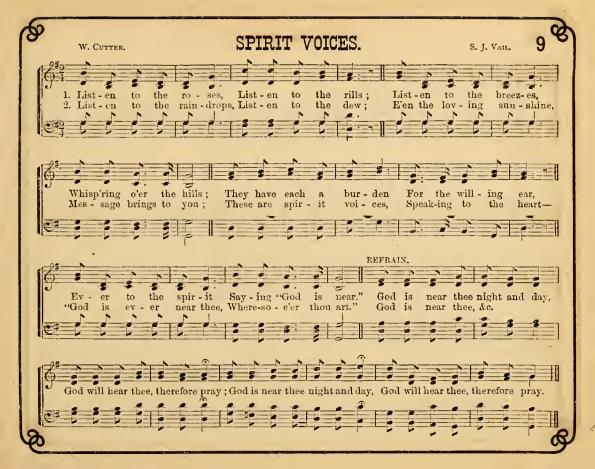




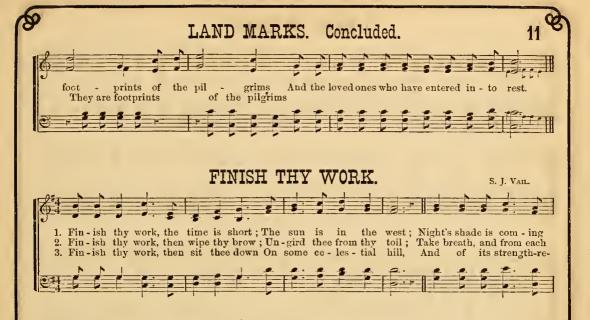


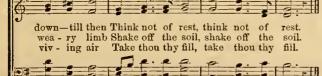










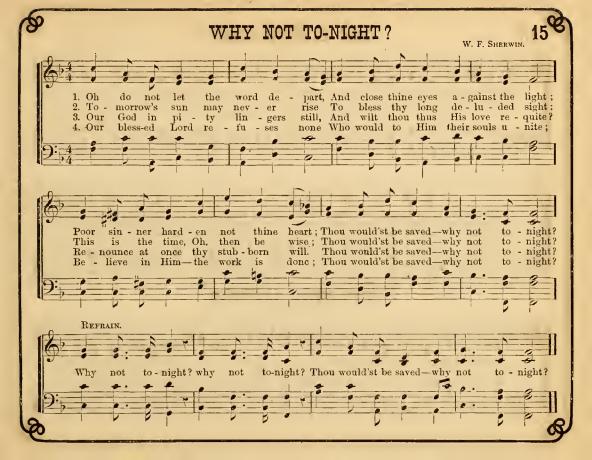


- 4 Finish thy work then go in peace;
 Life's battle fought and won—
 Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
 "Well done! well done!"
- 5 Finish thy work, then take thy harp, Give praise to God above; Sing a new song of mighty joy. And endless love.

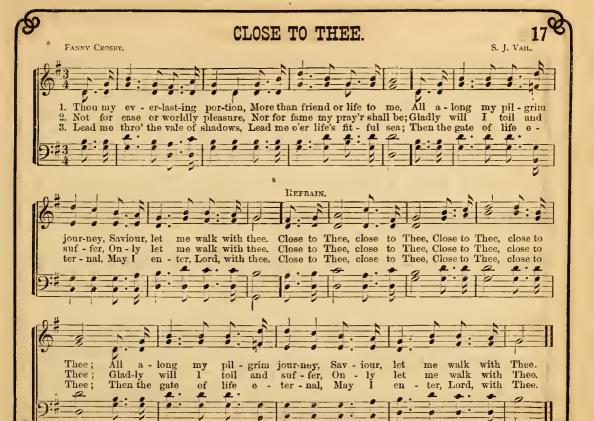


















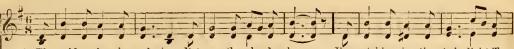






BRIGHT STARS.

Frances Ribley Havergal.



1. The golden glow is pal - ing Between the cloudy bars; 2. Are they the eyes of an - gels, That always wake to keep

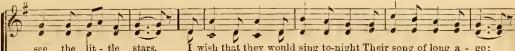
3. We hardly see them twinkle In an -y summer night,

I'm watching in the twi-light To

A lov-ing watch above us, While
But in the win-ter evenings They

Arr. from GERMAN.





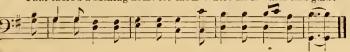
see the lit-tle stars.
we are fast a - sleep?
spar-kle clear and bright.

I wish that they would sing to-night Their song of long a - go; Or are they lamps that God has lit From His own glorious light, Is this to tell the lit - tle ones, So hungry, cold and sad,





If we were on - ly near - er them What might we hear and know! To guide the lit - tle children's sonls Whom He will call to-night? That there's a shining home for them Where all is warm and glad?



More beautiful and glorions, And never cold and far, Is He who always loves them,

The Bright and Morning Star.

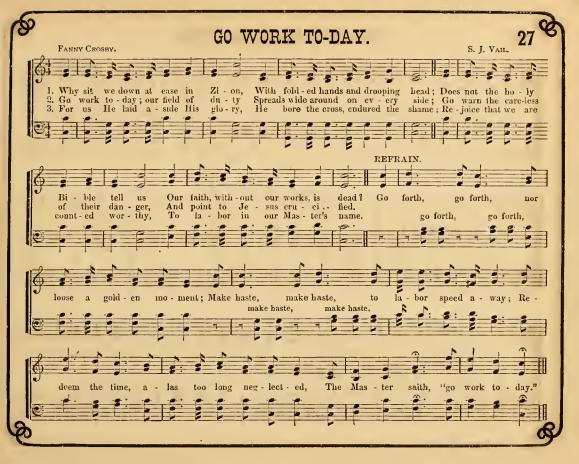
I wish those little children knew
That holy, happy light;

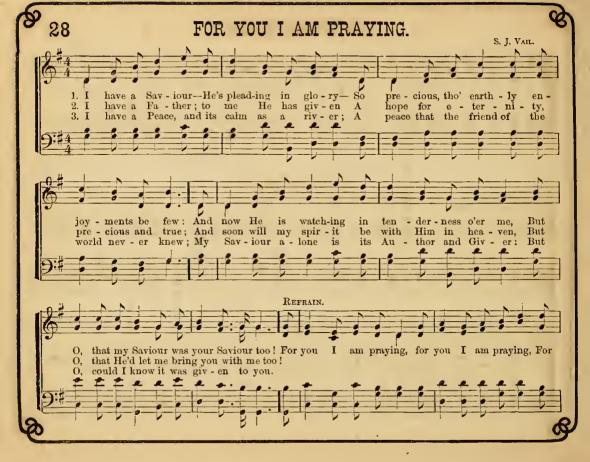
Lord Jesus, shine on them I pray, And make them glad to-night!











FOR YOU I AM PRAYING. Concluded.



4 When He has found you, tell others the story, How Jesus extended His mercy to you;

Then point them away to the regions of glory,
And pray that your Saviour may bring them there too;
True prayer will be answered—twas answered for you.

5 Speak of that Saviour, that Father in heaven—
That harp, crown, and robe which are waiting for you—

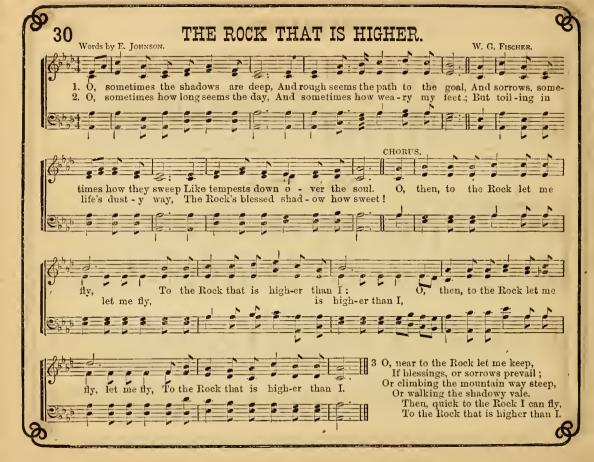
That harp, crown, and robe which are waiting for you That peace you possess, and that rest to be given,

Still praying that Jesus may save them like you,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you.

Know the Lord is near!



B

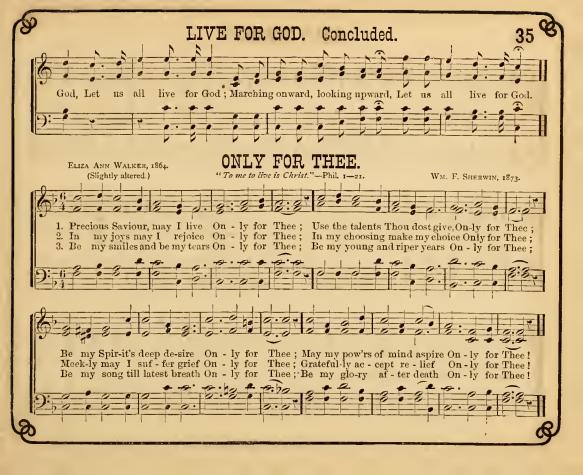


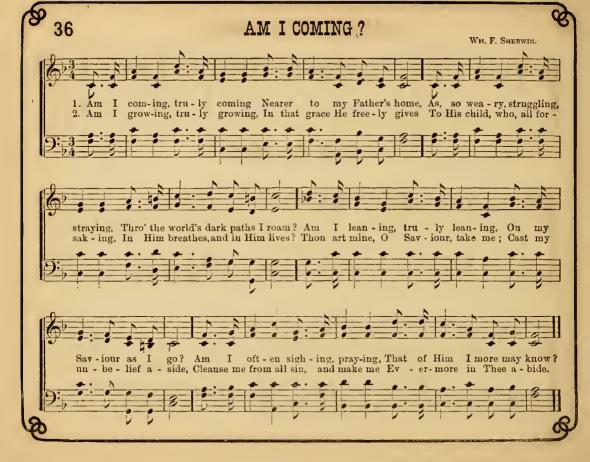












ONE BLESSED HOUR.

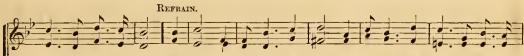
F. J. C.

S. J. VAIL.



1. One blessed hour with Je - sus, My clos - et closed and still, To arm my soul with courage For 2. One blessed hour with Je - sus, When falls the noon-tide beam; It brings refreshing water From



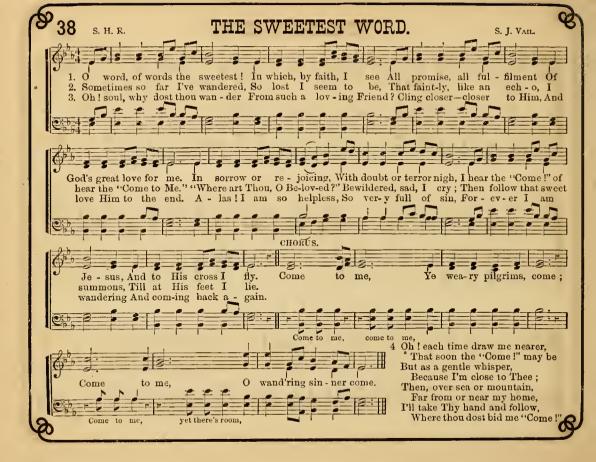


ev - ery com - ing ill. My faith grows brighter, My heart is lighter, My joy is now comont the liv - ing stream.





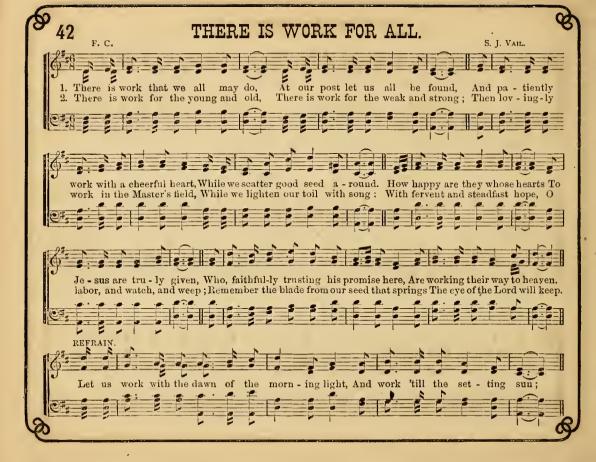
- 3 One blessed hour with Jesus
 When evening comes apace,
 To thank Him for His mercy,
 And praise Him for His grace. Ref.
- 4 One hlessed hour with Jesus
 When I am sorely tried;
 It draws my spirit nearer
 His precious bleeding side, Ref.









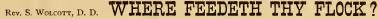






3 There is work that we all can do,
There are souls that we all may win;
Then work with a will, for without the fold
There are lambs to be gathered in.

O labor, and watch, and wait,
Be earnest, and trust, and pray;
The promise is given of rest, sweet rest,
In regious of endless day.



WM. F. SHERWIN.





- 3 Strong is thy protecting arm;
 Richly Thou providest;
 Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
 Blest the flock Thou guidest.
- 4 Noon and night be my defence; Let no foe ensnare me; Bring me to the Shepherd's tents— In Thy bosom bear me.







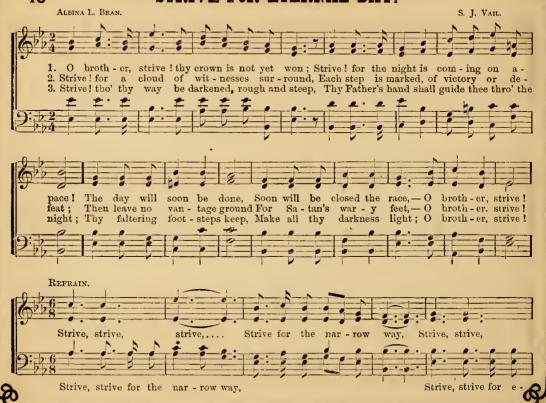


Boisterous waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still."

3 When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar

May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

STRIVE FOR ETERNAL DAY



STRIVE FOR ETERNAL DAY. Concluded.

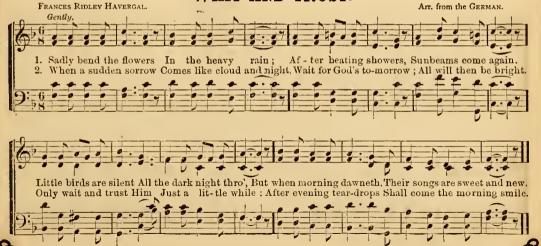


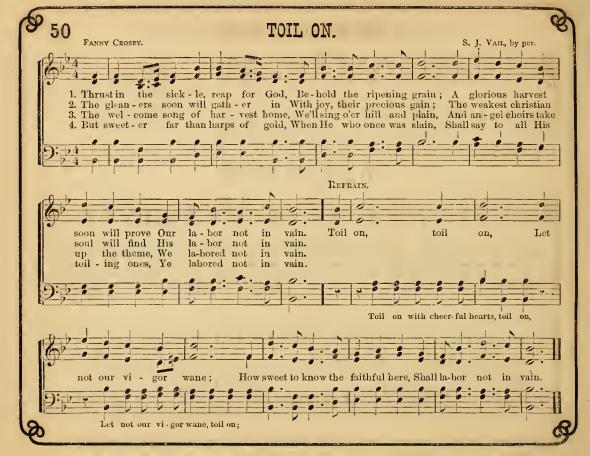
4 Strive! for the world ne'er offered prize like this,

A crown whose glory ages shall not dim!

God holds for thee such bliss, Live thon for Him, for Him! O brother, strive!













homes by love made so bright; Thanks for the pure and soul-cheering light Beaming from Thy word. Then



2 Marching to Zion, dear blessed home! Lord, by Thy mercy hither we come; Guide us, we pray, where'er we may roam, Keep us in Thy fear; Fill every soul with love all divine, Now cause Thy face upon us to shine: Grant that our hearts may truly be Thine All the coming year. D. C. Then.

3 Yet once again the anthem repeat, Join every voice the Master to greet; Love's sacrifice we lay at His feet In His temple now. Jesus, accept the off'ring we bring, Blending with songs the odors of spring; Still of Thy woudrous love we will sing, Till in heaven we bow. D. C. Then.







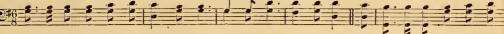






1. O - ver the riv - er they beck-on me, Beckon me, beckon me; The loved ones in glo - ry by

2. O - ver the riv - er they sing to me, Sing to me, sing to me; The loved ones in glo - ry by sing to me; Sing to me; They stand with their harps on the





faith I see, Who dwell in the home of God.

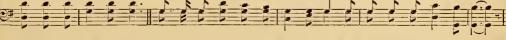
O - ver the river 'tis bright and fair; Friends who were crys-tal sea And ech - o the earth-ly song.

Still the old sto - ry of Je - sus' love, Rings thro' the





dearest have entered there; Shining the garments of joy they wear, Made white in the Saviour's blood. mansions prepared a - bove; All His rich pro-mis - es now they prove, And wonderful praise prolong.



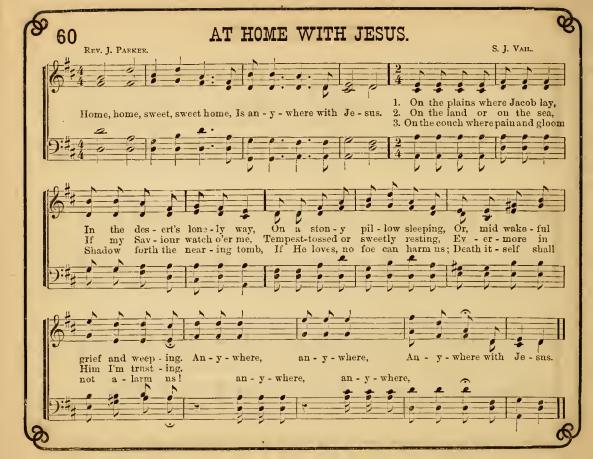
- 3 Over the river they wait for me,
 Wait for me, wait for me;
 They call to my soul o'er the narrow sea,
 "Be earnest, be firm and true;
 Having the armor of God complete,
 Sharing the Spirit's communion sweet,
 Onward, though tempest and storm may beat!
 A home is prepared for you."
- 4 Over the river I soon shall be,
 Soon shall be, soon shall be,
 And sweet is the rest that remains for me
 When Jesus my name shall own.
 Then, while eternity rolls along,
 Singing the nobler and sweeter song,
 May I be found in the ransomed throng,
 Who worship before Thy throne.





SING ZION'S SONGS.





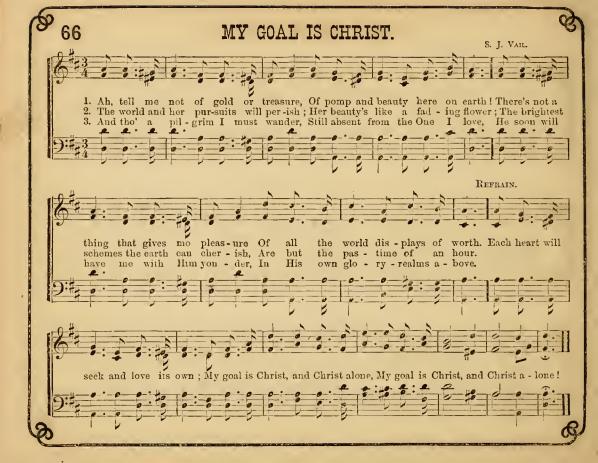












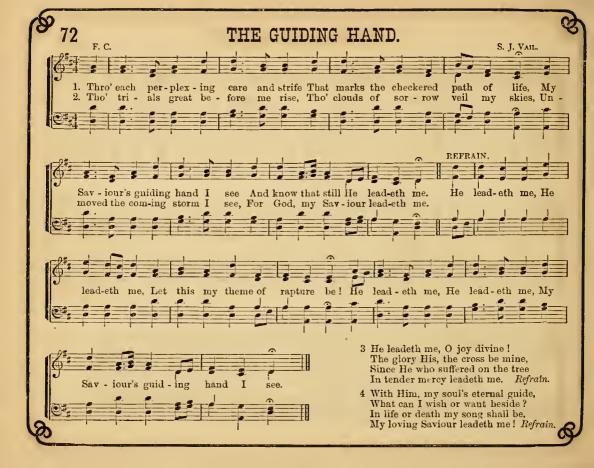




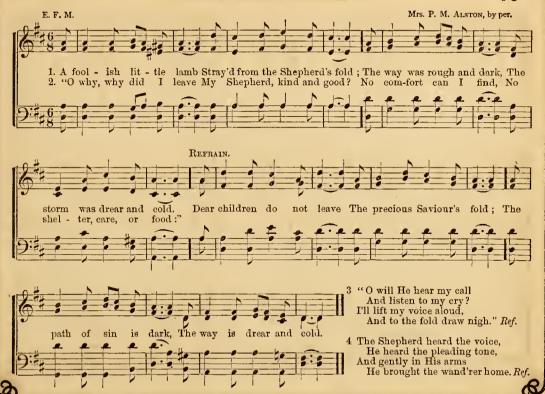


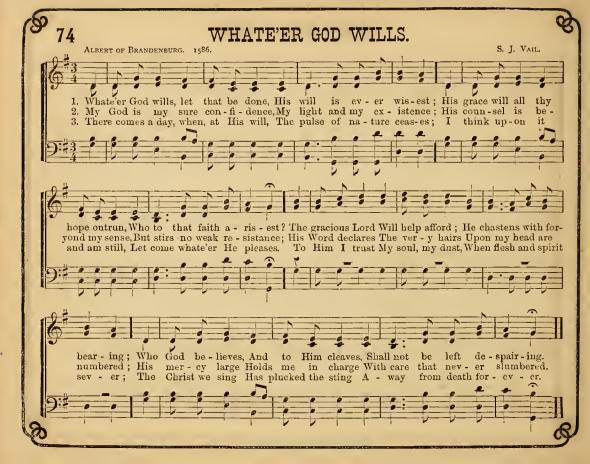


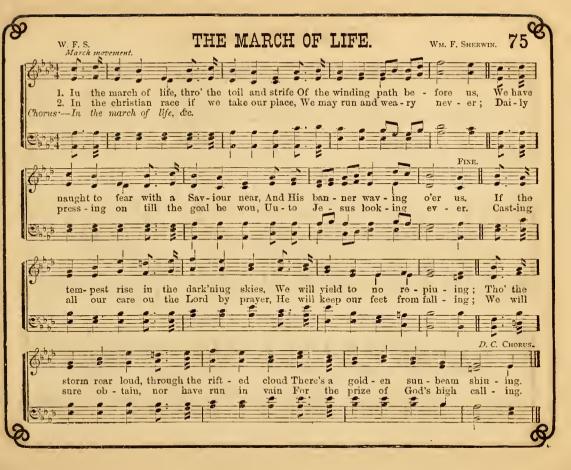




THE STRAY LAMB.

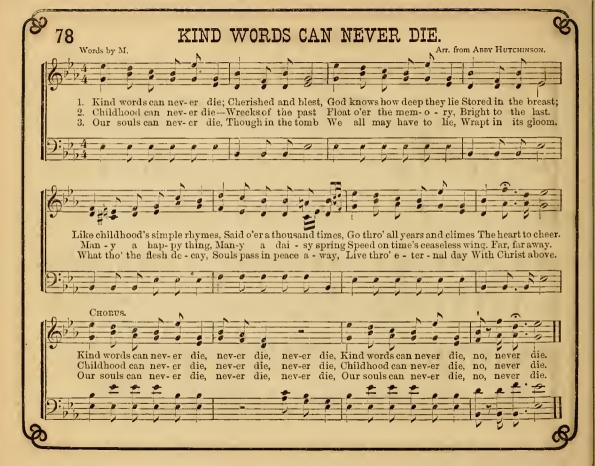


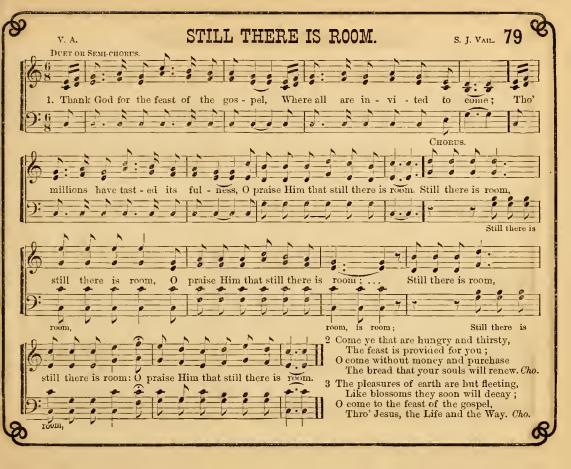


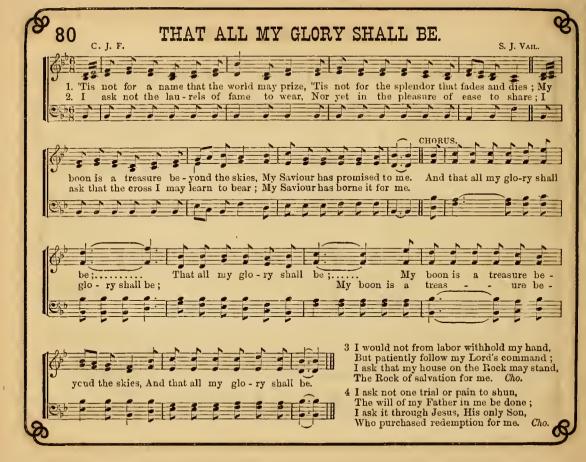








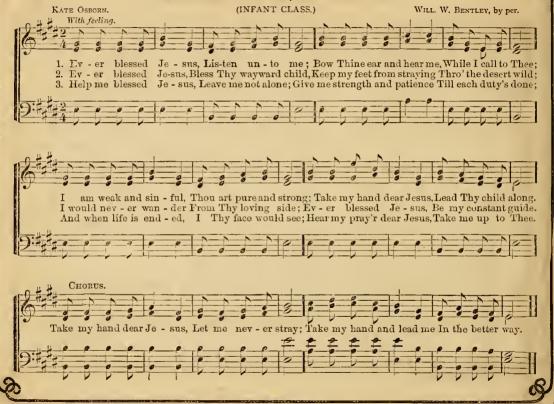


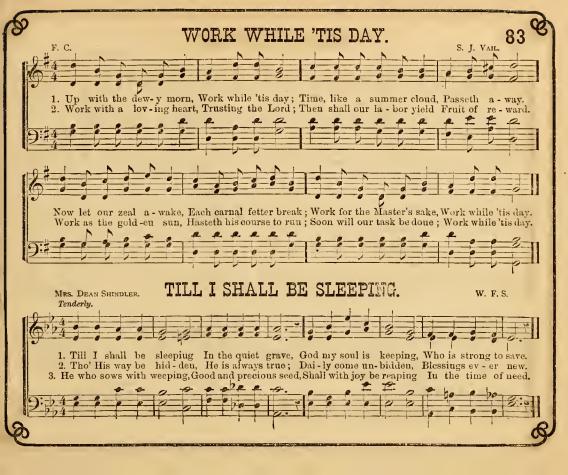






TAKE MY HAND, DEAR JESUS.



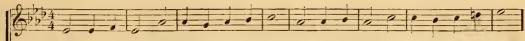




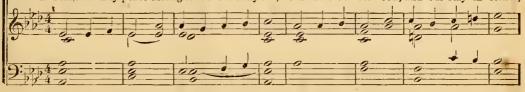
CLOSING HYMN.

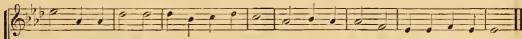
Rev. John Ellerton.

E. J. HOPKINS, from "HYMNARY."



- 1. Sav iour, a gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac -cord, our parting hymn of praise; 2. Grant us Thy peace up on our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
- 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turu Thou for ns its darkness in to night;
- 4. Graut us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor row, and our stay in strife;





We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace. Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy Name. From harm and dan-ger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are all a - like to Thee. Then, when Thy voice shall hid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thy e - ter - nal peace.









TELL THY SAVIOUR. Concluded.

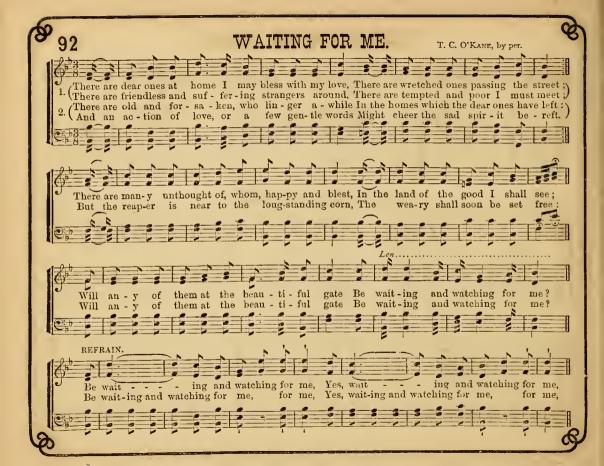


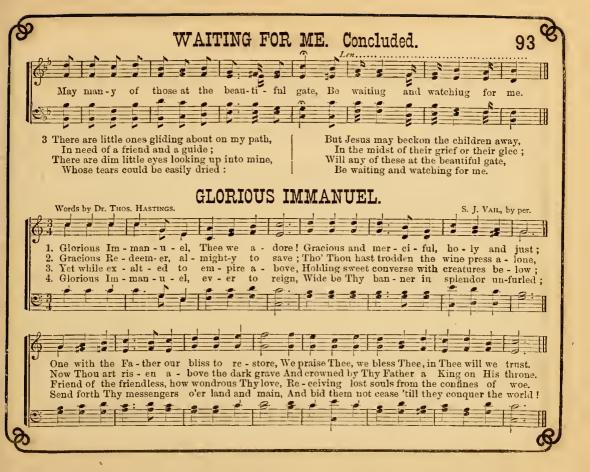
4 Children, always tell the Saviour All your troubles, great or small,—
Every want or care or sorrow—
Every longing—tell Him all;
For He loves you truly, dearly,
If His child you now would be;
And in mercy still is saying,
"Let the children come to me."











94

MY LIFE OF JESUS.*

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1873. By per.

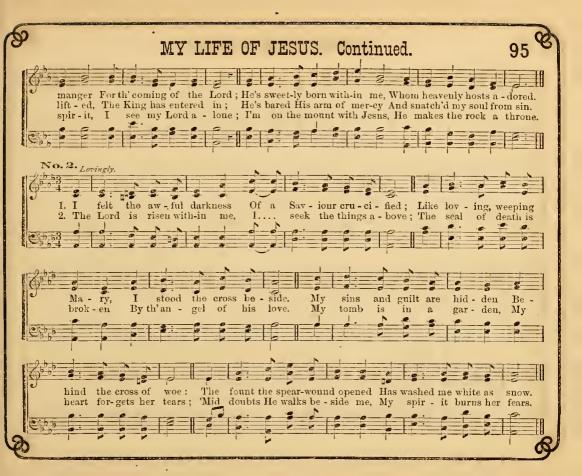
This may be rendered by a choir or semi-chorus when convenient, the school joining in the "refrains." The Superintendent should select appropriate texts of Scripture to be read by some scholar before each verse. The following programme of readings, in connection with the song, will be found instructive and impressive:

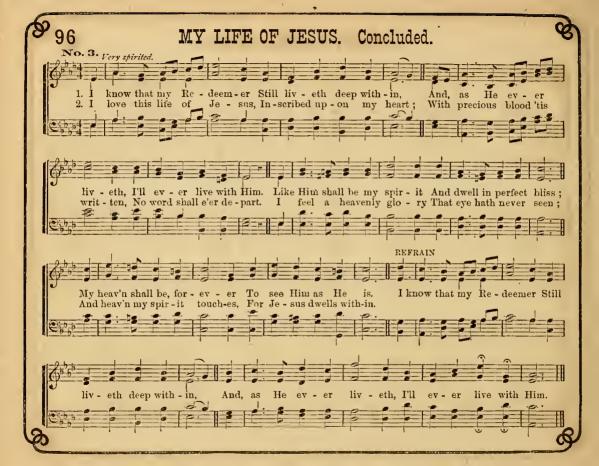
- 1. Poxology: "Praise God." L. M.
- Reading: Luke ii. 8-12. 3. Singing: No. 1, verse 1.
- 4. READING : Psa. axiv, 7-10. Singing: No. 1, verse 2.

- 6. Reading: Matt. xvii. 1-8. 7. Singing: No. 1, verse 3.
- 8. READING: Matt. xxvii. 45-56. 9. SINGING: No. 2. verse 1.
- 10. Reading: Matt. xxviii, 1-9.

- 11. SINGING: No. 2, verse 2.
- 12. READING; Acts i, 7-9. 13. SINIGING: No. 3, verse 1.
- 14. Reading: 1 John iii. 1-3. 15. Singing: No. 3, verse 2.

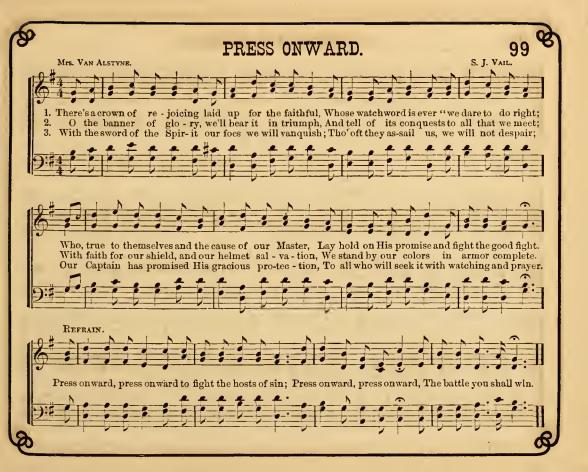














S. I. VAIL

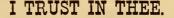
REJOICE IN THE LORD. Concluded.

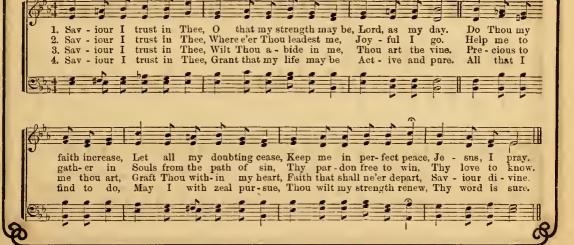


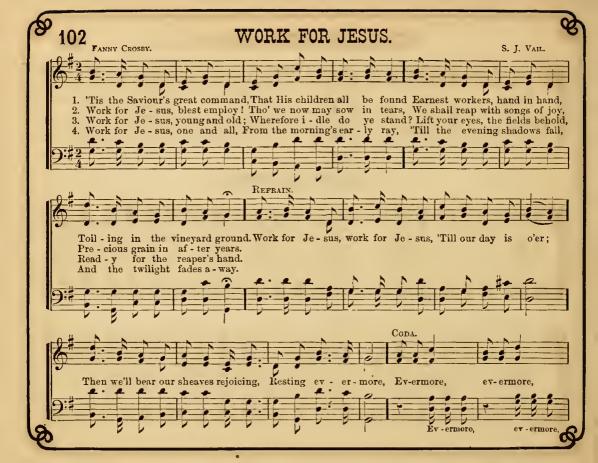
F. C.

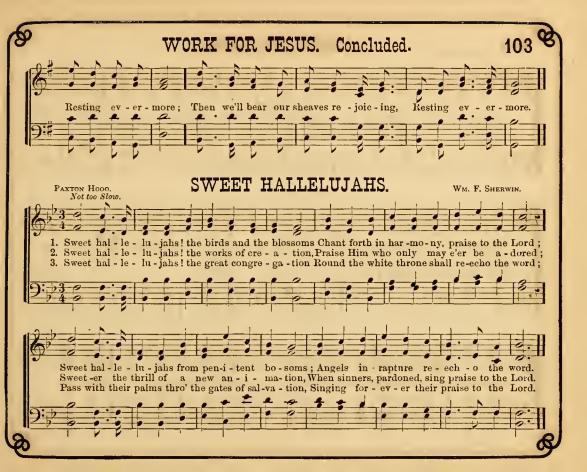
3 Rejoice in the Lord! there is joy for thee ever,
If thou in thy lifetime belongest to Him;
A bond, all of love, which no change can e'er sever,
A sun o'er thy head which no storm-cloud can dim.
Rejoice in the Lord! He awaits thee in heaven,
With myriads who make His light service their choice;
And shortly the robe and the crown will be given

To Thee, oh, believer! then always rejoice!







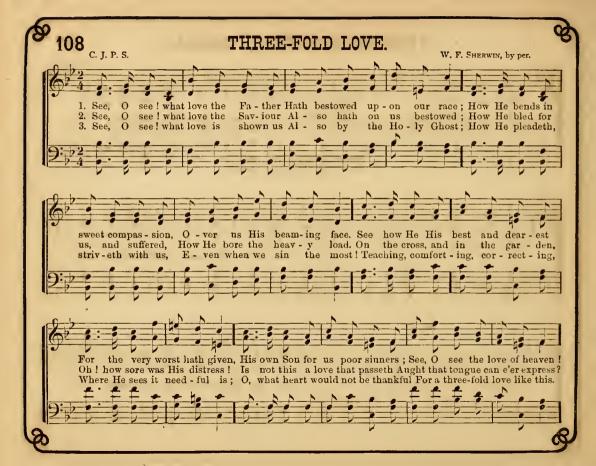


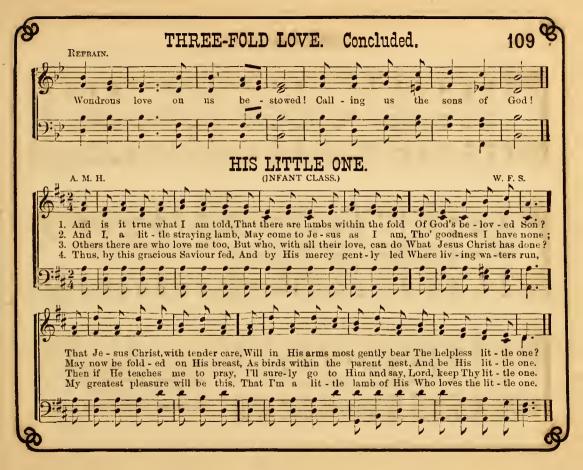


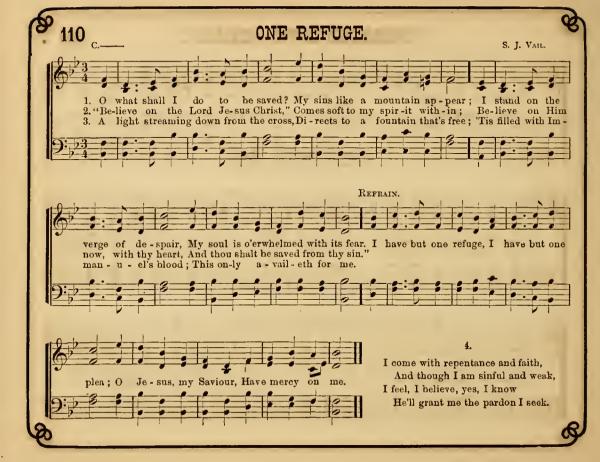












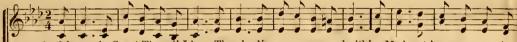




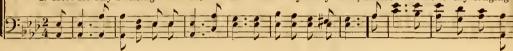
O LAMB OF GOD. COME IN!



W. F. SHERWIN, by per.



1. O heavenly Guest, Thy call I hear, Thy pleadings move my soul within; My heart is o-pen now to 2. Here let Thy dwelling ever be. And far remove my every sin: Thrice welcome to my longing





3 Supreme o'er all my being rule, That earth no more my love may win: Abide with me till life depart : O Blessed One, come in, come in.

4 Help me to love Thee more and more : Now let the work of grace begin ; My strength, my hope, my Saviour dear, Thou All in All, come in, come in.

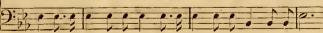
And ask for a share in His love;

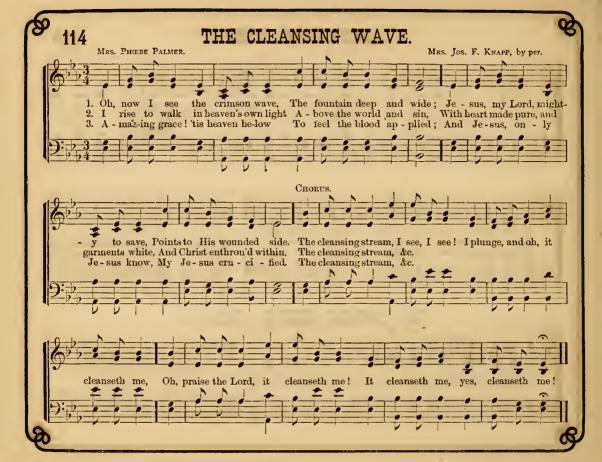
SWEET STORY Concluded.

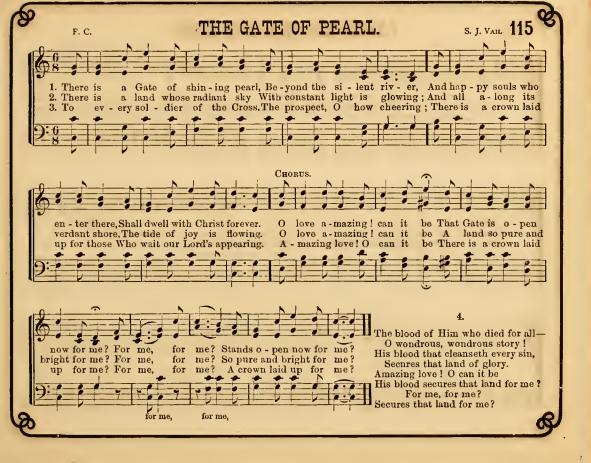


I shall see Him and hear Him above .--

In that heautiful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are washed and forgiven : And many dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."











I LOVE TO TELL. Concluded.



I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,

'Twill be the Old, Old Story That I have loved so long! Cho.

MISS M. J. MASON. SAVIOUR, WHO DIED FOR ME. Lovingly.

W. F. Sherwin, by per.



- 1. Saviour, who died for me, I give myself to Thee; Thy love, so full—so free, Claims all my powers.

 2. May it be joy to me To follow on ly Thee;—Thy faithful servant be, Thine to the end.
- 3. Saviour, with me abide; Be ev er near my side, Support, defend and guide; I look to Thee.

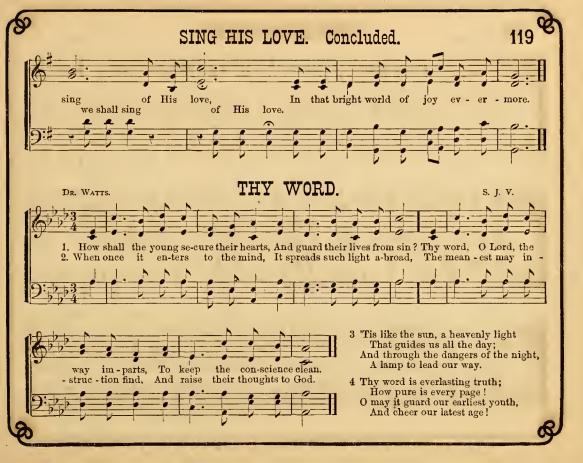


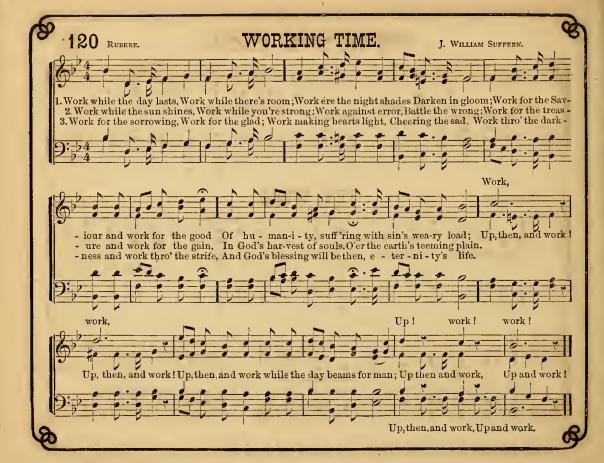
Be this my purpose high, To serve Thee till I die, Whether my path shall lie Mid thorns or flowers. For Thee, I'll do and dare: For Thee the cross I'll bear; To Thee direct my prayer, On Thee depend.

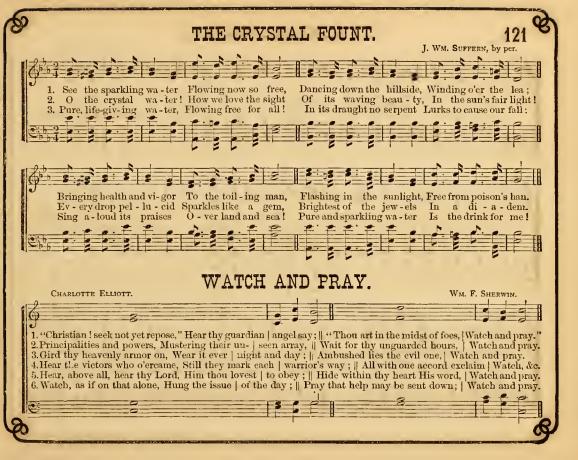
I lay my hand in Thine, And fleeting joys re-sign, If I may call Thee mine E - ternal ly.





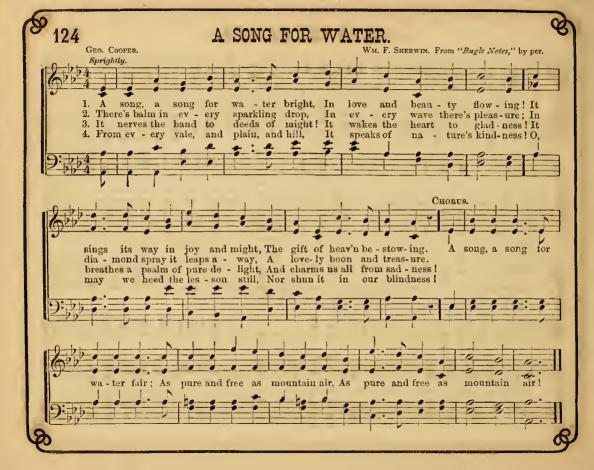
























An angel told me so.

AN ANGEL TOLD ME SO.









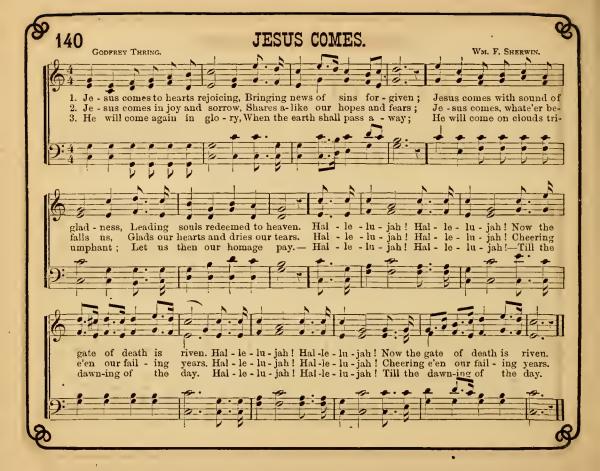














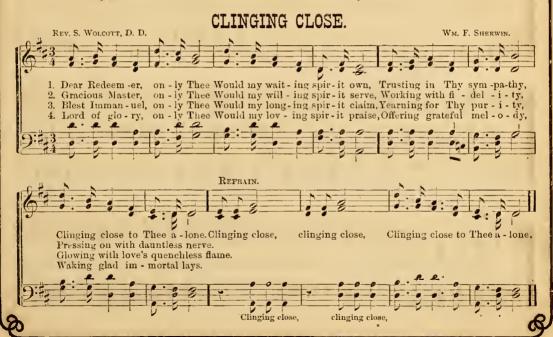


JESUS SHALL REIGN. Concluded.

- 3 All hail to the Prince! hear children reciting
 Most welcome response to the children of old;
 The angels are drawn by their songs so inviting,
 And listen to hear His great name so extolled.

 Ref. Hosanna! &c.
- 4 Reign, reign mighty Prince! Thy kingdom so glorious Shall compass all kingdoms by land and by sea; Earth's millions shall laud Thee—Thy sceptre victorious—And swell the loud anthems of triumph to Thee.

 Ref. Hosanna! &c.





LEAD ME TO THEE





2. Here in the des - ert cheerless I roam, La-den with sor - row—far from my home:



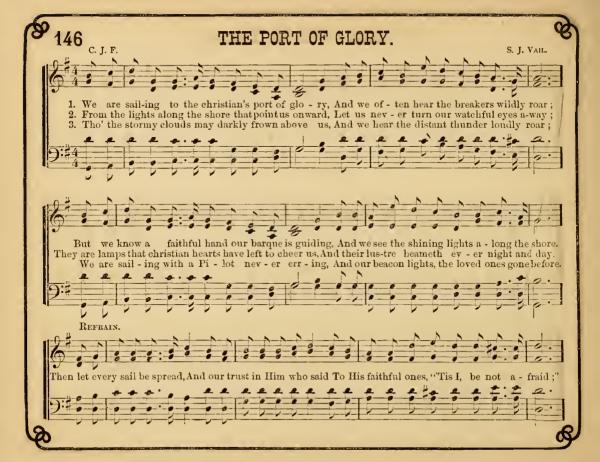


There is my treas-ure, there I would be, Lord, I am wea - ry, lead me to Thee Clouds on my path-way dark-ly I see: Lord, I am wea - ry, &c.





- 3 Thon wilt not leave me comfortless here; Why should I doubt Thee—what do I hear? Light in the distance breaking I see, Yet I am weary, lead me to Thee.
- 4 Jesus, I love Thee, dwell in my heart; Never, no, never from me depart! Hope like a rainbow shining I see, Yet I am weary, lead me to Thee.





sky a sea as well; And which is earth and which is heav'n The eye can scarcely tell.

sky a sea as well; And which is earth and which is heav'n The eye can scarcely tell. si - lent rap-ture glow, Till where earth ends and heav'n begins The spir - it scarce can know.



Nay also be used to any suitable C. M. Hymn.



THE HEAVENLY FOLD.







- (1) [Tune-Coronation.]
- All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
- 2. Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe. And crown him Lord of all.
- O that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

(2)

[Tune-" Sweet hour of prayer."]

- Obeying Thy divine bebest,
 We niet, O Christ, to speak of Thee;
 Thon art amongst ns as a guest,
 We feel it, though we cannot see;
 We seem to breathe, in glad surprise,
 An atmosphere of lovo and bliss,
 And read within each other's eyes,
 To whom it is we owe all this.
- 2. How quickly every strife will end,
 How soon all idle griefs depart,
 When friend takes connect thus with
 friend, [heart!
 When son meets sonl, and heart meets
 We have so many things to say,
 So many failings to confess,
 Time flies, alas! so soon away,
 We cannot half we would express.
- 3. Olet us then, dear Lord, be hlest
 With Thy sweet presence every day;
 Be with us as our daily guest,
 And our companion on the way.
 Fan our devotion's feeble flame,
 Let us press on to things before;
 Bring us together in thy name,
 Until we meet to part no more.

- (3) [Tune-Italian Hymn.]
 - Come, thon almighty King, Help ns Thy name to sing, Help ns to praise!
 Father all glorions, O'er all victorions,
 Come and reign over ns, Ancient of days.
 - 2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Onr prayer attend; Come, and Thy people blese; Cone, give Thy word succese; Spirit of holiness, On us descend.
 - 3. Come, holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad bour; Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.
- (4) [TUNE-Christmas.]
- Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on:
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.
- A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.
- 3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high:
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

- (5) [Tune-Nuremburg. 78.]
- One with Christ! O blessed thought! We are by His Spirit taught; On His fulness now we live, Grace for grace we thence receive.
- One with Christ! ye saints rejoice, As the objects of His choice; He will every want supply, While He lives we cannot die.
- One with Christ! forever one Debts are paid and work is done; Grace and glory both are given, We are on our way to heaven.
- (6) [Tune—Olivet.]
 - My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
 - 2. May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire:
 As Thon hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.
- (7) [Tune-Dennis. S. M.]
 - How charming is the place, Where my Redeemer, God, Unvails the beauty of his face And shede his love abroad.
 - Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God.

(S) [TUNE-State Street.]

1. Jesus who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all eur griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2. He hows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vaiu:
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3. Jesus, the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry:
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high

4. Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

(9) [Tune—Sicily.]

 Let ns pray! the Lord is willing, Ever waiting, prayer to hear; Ready, His kind words fulfilling, Loving hearts to help and cheer.

2. Let ns pray! though fees surrounding, Vex and trouble, and dismay: [ing, Precious grace, through Christ abound-Still shall cheer us on our way.

3. Let us pray! our life is praying;
Prayer with time alone may cease;
Then in heaven, God's will obeying,
Life is praise and perfect peace.

(10) [Tune-Greenville.]

1. Sweet the moments, rich in biessing,
Which before the cross I spend:
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend,
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll hathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

2. Truly blessed is this station, Low hefore his cross to lie; While I see divine compassion Beaming iu his gracious eye: Here I'll sit, ferever viewing Mercy streaming in his blood, Precions drops my soul bedewing, Plead, and claim my peace with God.

(1.1) [TUNE-St. Thomas.]

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood,

2. For her my tears shall fall:
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

(12)

1. Savionr, like a shepherd lead us,

Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.

||: Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are, :||

2. We are thine, do then befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray: ||: Blessed Jesus, Hear. O hear us, when we pray, :||

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and siuful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
||: Elessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee::||

(13) [Tune-Ortonville.]

· 1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shins upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.

 The dearest idel I have known, Whate'er that idel be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only Thee. (14) [TUNE-Nettleton.]

1. Hail! my ever blessed Jesus,
Ouly Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precions.
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.
Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much! I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of graco.

2. Once with Adam's race in ruin Unconcerned in sin I lay; Swift destruction still pursuing, Till my Saviour passed that way Witness, all ye hosts of heaven, My Redeemer's tenderness; Love I much? I'm much forgiven; I'm a miracle of grace.

(15) [Tune-Bartimeus.]

 In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time, All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.

 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears anney, Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

(16) [Tune-Brown.]

1. There is a name I leve to hear, I leve to sing its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.

2. It tells me of a Savionr's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's only plea.

3. This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along the thorny road,
And sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

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SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY.

(17) [Tune-Harwell.]

1. Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation,
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeanard there,

2. Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
Ile will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call oo him in trouble,
Ho will hearken, ho will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life hevond the grave.

(18) [Tune-Laban.]

 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise;
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. O! watch, and fight and pray;
The hattle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;

 Thine ardnous work will not be done,
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

(19) [Tune-Autumn.]

 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land: I am weak—but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,

Be then still my strength and shield.

(20) [Tune-Shining Shore.]

 My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and danger. CHORUS.

> For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over, And just hefore, the shining shore We may almost discover.

 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home discerning; Our absent Lord has left us word, Let every lamp be burning.

3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our sloging;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

(21) [Tune-Bcylston. S. M.]

1. Make baste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze—
How swift its moments fly!

2. Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
The day will soon be gone!

Up then with speed, and work;
 Fling ease and self away;
 This is no time for thee to sleep,
 Up, watch, and work, and pray!

(22)

 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free: Showers the thirsty land refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me— Even me.

2. Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Siofal though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

(23)

1. Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers:
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun:
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with laher,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Somethiog to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming;
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming;
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

(2.1) [Tune-Rathbun, or Sicily.]

1. Now the sowing and the weeping, Working hard and waiting long; Afterward, the golden reaping, Harvest home and grateful song.

 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing; Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot! Afterward, the plenteous hearing Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3. Now, the long and toilsome duty Stone by stone to carve and bring: Afterward, the perfect beauty Of the palace of the King!

4. Now, the training, strange and lowly, Unexplained and tedious now; Afterward, the service holy, And the Master's "Eoter thou!"

(25) [Tune-Toplady.]

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me bide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin a double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know—
All for sin could not atone:
Thoo most save, and thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

(26) [Tune-Martyn.]

 Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy boson fly; While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my Savinur, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none—
Ilangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, at! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring—
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

(27) [Tune-Hamburg]

1. Just as I am, without one plea But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou hidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God. I come!

- 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 3. Just as I am,—thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

(28)

- 1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That formain in his day; And there may I, the' vile as he, Wash all my sins away.
- 3. Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
- E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.

(29) [Tune-Bethany.]

- Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be Nearer,my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
 - 2. Though like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

(30) [Tune—To-Day.]

- I To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers, come! O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
- 2. To-day the Saviour calls;
 For refuge fly:
 The storm of vengeance falls,
 Ruin is nigh.

3. To-day the Savionr calls; Oh, listen now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.

(31) {Tune-Downs. C. M.]

- How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given;
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2. It sweetly cheers our dropping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 And life, and light, and joy imparts,
 And calms our anxious fears.
- This lamp through all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way;
 Till we behold the clearer light Of an eternal day.

(32) [Tune-Nuremburg.]

- Holy Bible, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine; Mine to tell me whence I camo; Mine to teach me what I sm.
- 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a father's love; Mine to guids my doubtful feet, Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- Mine to comfort in distress, Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless; Mine to show by living faith, Man can triumph over death.

(33)

- The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord, In every star Thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold Thy word, We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

(34) [TUNE-Wilmot.]

- Sons of day! arise from slumbers, For the sluggish night is gone; Swell the Saviour's marshalled numbers, Marching where He leadeth on.
- 2. On the prairie and the mountain, In the valley rich and fair, By the river and the fountaio, Plant the sacred standard there.
- 3. So shall Error be supplanted, So shall Truth her vanguard keep; So shall temple-homes be granted To the Shepherd's wand ring sheep.

(35) [Tune-Boylston.]

- Lord of the harvest! hear
 Thy needy servants' cry;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply.
- On Thee we humbly wait;
 Our wants are in thy view;
 The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
 The laborers are few.

(36) [Tune-America.]

- Sound, sound the truth abroad, Bear ye the word of God Through the wide world; Tell what our Lord has done; Tell how the day is wou, And from his lofty throne Satan is hurled!
- 2. Swift on the wings of love, Jesus, who reigns above, Eids us to fly! They whn His message hear Should neither doubt nor fear; He will their friend appear, He will be nigh.

(37) [Tune-Missionary Hymn.]

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where A fric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. Shall we, whose sonls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation?
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation

(38) [Tune—Rest.]

 Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

Has learned Messiah's name.

2. Alcep in Jesus! oh, how sweet To he for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing That death has lost his cruel sting.

3. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me May such a blissful refuge be; Securely shall my ashes lic, And wait the summons from on high.

(39)

- Tis sweet to think of those at rest, Who sleep in Christ the Lord; Whose spirits now with Him are blest, According to His word.
- They once were pilgrims here with us, In Jesus now they sleep;
 And we for them, while resting thus, As hopeless cannot weep.
- The Lord who died, in triumph rose Victorious o'er the tomh;
 E'en so we know that with Him, those Who sleep in Him, will come!

(40) [Tune-Dennis.]

- 1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts to Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
- 2. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual hurdens hear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
- 3. When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still he join'd in heart
 And hope to meet again.

(4.1) [Tune-Pleyel's Hymn.]

- 1. Christian brethren, ere we part, Let us each, with grateful heart, To our Father once more raise Our united hymns of praise.
- 2. Here perhaps we meet no more, But we seek a brighter shore, Where, heyond all sin and pain, Brethren we shall meet again.

(42) DOXOLOGIES.

[Tune-Webb.]

To Thee he praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate Thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love,

(43) [Tune-Portuguese Hymn.]
O Father Almighty, to Thee he addrest,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever

All glory and worship from earth and from As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

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Note.—The hymn at opening of school may be of general praise or worship. It is especially desirable that the hymn following the lesson should be such as will at least tend to deepen rather than efface the impressions made. Sometimes the thoughtful selection of one or two verses will meet the want better than to sing the entire lymn. The above index is made upon the general spirit of a hymn rather than its title.

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